Things Mrs. Patsy Ramsey, formerly of Boulder, CO, said to the police that morning

You call this a crime? You should have seen her quick-ball-change at the Little Miss Snowflake pageant!

—Anonymous

329 replies 06/11/2015

A dingo ate my baby!

—Anonymous

reply 1 06/11/2015

Officier, please settle this disagreement I'm having with my blind hubby. Wouldn't anyone with eyes agree that whoever wrote this ransom notes has lovely penmanship?

—Anonymous

reply 2 06/11/2015

You always lose the thing you love most. And then, something like this happens, too.

—Anonymous

reply 3 06/11/2015

She just wouldn't drink her go-go juice.

—Anonymous

reply 4 06/11/2015

Why would someone hurt my baby? Well, other than forgetting to change key on the bridge to the Good Ship Lollipop, after she'd been told and told and told!

—Anonymous

reply 5 06/11/2015

Possible motives? Like I have that kind of time!

—Anonymous

reply 6 06/11/2015

Yes, it is sad. But I take no small consolation in knowing her best years were behind her.

—Anonymous

reply 7 06/11/2015

Is this going to take long? Please let me know if I have to change my hair appointment. Now that would be tragic. It's hell to get in there without an appointment well in advance.

—Anonymous

reply 8 06/11/2015

On the bright side, I can still return those tap shoes.

—Anonymous

reply 9 06/11/2015

Foreign FACTION, not fraction, you idiot! Jesus on the Cross, can't you even read what I, ur, THEY wrote?

—Anonymous

reply 10 06/11/2015

I'll never forget this morning. Unless I have an herbal wrap this afternoon.

—Anonymous

reply 11 06/11/2015

Oh goodness, not more of that! Let's find something cheerful talk about. Like plaids!

—Anonymous

reply 12 06/11/2015

You know what would be fun? If I did a holiday-themed cardigan fashion show for everyone! Let's!

—Anonymous

reply 13 06/11/2015

That strangled neck is just screaming for a pert scarf!

—Anonymous

reply 14 06/11/2015

She was Daddy's little girl. And by girl, I mean whore.

—Anonymous

reply 15 06/11/2015

Yes, the kidnappers said they would kill her if I called the police. Well, I don't negotiate with terrorists! Good work on getting that crime scene tape up.

—Anonymous

reply 16 06/11/2015

Just wait for the new DL format.

—Anonymous

reply 17 06/11/2015

A true hostess is revealed in the unexpected touches, so I potpourried the crime scene. You're welcome!

—Anonymous

reply 18 06/11/2015

If the Lord Jesus only gave me the power to bring my baby back from the dead, I'd almost use it.

—Anonymous

reply 19 06/11/2015

OK, funny story . . .

—Anonymous

reply 20 06/11/2015

Yes, that is an interesting question, but I'm afraid we're going to have continue this when John and I get back from Maui! After last night, this gal needs a vacay!

—Anonymous

reply 21 06/11/2015

Oh my! I said the same thing years ago. Who names their son Fleet?

—Anonymous

reply 22 06/11/2015

Too soon, OP.

—Anonymous

reply 23 06/11/2015

The snow was so white that morning...

—Anonymous

reply 24 06/11/2015

Oh my God! Oh my dear Lord Jesus Christ! God in Heaven, wipe my precious eyes! I can't bear to see this! It don't wish to remember anything so gruesome. Like her "Salome on Skates" at the Miss Pintsize Boulder-at-Large pageant!

—Anonymous

reply 25 06/11/2015

And then John laid her on the floor. And not for the first time.

—Anonymous

reply 26 06/11/2015

I'm confused. The girl died in 1996. The mother in 2006. It's 2015. Why is this even interesting?

—Lost

reply 27 06/11/2015

> Lost

You're not only lost, you're tedious.

—Anonymous

reply 28 06/11/2015

If her chain smoking didn't kill her, then it's gotta be cirrhosis.

—Anonymous

reply 29 06/11/2015

Some of these are so fucking hilarious. I can't even compete. I salute u all above me.

—Anonymous

reply 30 06/11/2015

> quick-ball-change

Oh, dear

—Abby Lee Miller

reply 31 06/11/2015

Whenever a sparrow of the Lord passes, I always wonder what they did to rub Him the wrong way. Except this time. I know what it was. Coffee?

—Anonymous

reply 32 06/11/2015

Oh my God, she's been dead since yesterday.....probably.....may - be....perhaps...

—PR

reply 33 06/11/2015

I want to remember her just like this. Dead.

—Anonymous

reply 34 06/11/2015

My son takes after his father, so G-d knows WHAT happened that night!

—Anonymous

reply 35 06/11/2015

I am dreading the funeral. No mother likes to bury her child. Not when her favorite St. John suit was destroyed by the careless dry cleaners.

—Anonymous

reply 36 06/11/2015

Is there any way you can put her on ice and let us pick this up later? There's a good detective. Say, are you going past the airport?

—Anonymous

reply 37 06/11/2015

In my heart, she will always be the little girl before I bleached her hair. Before she stole my man. Harlot -- I mean, heart -- lots of breaking right now, yes?.

—Anonymous

reply 38 06/11/2015

Just like her to ruin Christmas.

—Anonymous

reply 39 06/11/2015

I just keep telling myself that one day, one day, one day, we will finally be able to laugh about this. Probably, tomorrow.

—Anonymous

reply 40 06/11/2015

lol, [R40]!

—Anonymous

reply 41 06/11/2015

Oh Sweet Baby Jesus! Help me, dear Lord Jesus! Are you trying to tell me that I'm going to have to re-write my entire fucking family Christmas newsletter?

Because if you are, let me just tell you that mo-fo train has LEFT the MOTHER-FUCKING STATION. I have already dropped my god dammed family Christmas newsletter off at the printer and Consuela has already addressed 400 envelopes by fucking Mexican hand!

Tell me, Detective..excuse me, it is "Detective" isn't it? Because you are about to "detect" my Louboutin heel up your fat, greasy policeman's asshole if you think I am going to revise or delay MY FAMILY'S MOTHER-FUCKIN CHRISTMAS NEWSLETTER! Do you even have A fucking clue how hard it will be to spin this when Bitsy Montgomery-Thorne sent her family Christmas newsletter out TWO goddamned weeks ago while HER FAMILY vacationed in St. Kitts?

see offsite link on timeinc.net

—I WILL NOT FUCKING TOLERATE THIS SHIT!

reply 42 06/11/2015

Don't try and grow a brain, detective.

—Anonymous

reply 43 06/11/2015

And I do not even want to think about that stain on my carpet...

—Anonymous

reply 44 06/11/2015

[post redacted because linking to dailymail.co.uk clearly indicates that the poster is either a troll or an idiot (probably both, honestly.) Our advice is that you just ignore this poster but whatever you do, don't click on any link to this putrid rag.]

Offsite Image
i.dailymail.co.uk

—Anonymous

reply 45 06/11/2015

Before you go detective, I'd like to give you a token of our appreciation for being so kind and unobservant. Just let me run to the gift closet.

Here you go. Perhaps your daughter would enjoy this.

Offsite Image
i.imgur.com

—Anonymous

reply 46 06/11/2015

...and I do so hope I didn't sound too harsh a moment ago, Detective. You know children! They can wear on one, the little scamps...

—Anonymous

reply 47 06/11/2015

Oh, dear, this reminds me of the funniest thing that happened at a pageant one time...

—Anonymous

reply 48 06/11/2015

Perspective, please. Patsy only killed *one* child.

—Susan Smith

reply 49 06/11/2015

Enemies? Oh good heavens, where are my manners?

I have not even given you all a tour of the pageant trophy room yet.

—Anonymous

reply 50 06/11/2015

Ha, Ha. That is so true [R49]! (Says the girl who choked in the Interview Competition and went with the "some black dude" excuse.)

Now tell me, Susan. How many pageants did you win?

—Anonymous

reply 51 06/11/2015

This is going to to take all day. It's late afternoon and they still haven't found her. John, would you just take the police down to the basement? They're never going to find her on their own.

—Anonymous

reply 52 06/11/2015

Jesus H. Christ! I told you we should've left a trail of donuts down to her body....

—Anonymous

reply 53 06/11/2015

I let JonBenet go with love. Tough love.

—Anonymous

reply 54 06/11/2015

My daughter's timing is once again at fault.

—Anonymous

reply 55 06/11/2015

LOL at [R43]

—Anonymous

reply 56 06/11/2015

and, hence

—Anonymous

reply 57 06/11/2015

Detective, did you see my new leather attache case?

—Anonymous

reply 58 06/11/2015

The pageant world has gotten a bad rap, I'm afraid. It's really more of a family than a competition. There's something for every girl these days.

As I always say, some girls were born to be winners and some girls were born to die in the basement

—Anonymous

reply 59 06/11/2015

Why, of course, you may interview me, Detective. I'll just need a couple of hours to do my hair and makeup. Consuela get the lighting crew here ASAP.

—Anonymous

reply 60 06/11/2015

Now, detective, don't be using that good Southern charm of yours.

—Anonymous

reply 61 06/11/2015

Someone's gotten into my art supplies! This is the Worst. Day. Ever.

—Anonymous

reply 62 06/11/2015

Of course, I'll autograph that photo for you. No worries, I have a Sharpie hidden in my blouse here.

—Anonymous

reply 63 06/11/2015

You know what you look like to me, with your good bag and your cheap shoes? You look like a rube. A well scrubbed, hustling rube with a little taste. Good nutrition's given you some length of bone, but

you're not more than one generation from poor white trash, are you?

—Anonymous

reply 64 06/11/2015

Oh Lord Jesus you raised Lazarus from the dead! Why can't you raise my precious baby, too? I bet because Lazarus never went around flashing his no-no at every male in the house!

—Anonymous

reply 65 06/11/2015

You all must be absolutely exhausted after looking for my baby for almost the whole time "Joy to the World" played. I think you deserve a coffee cake and canasta break. I'm dealing!

—Anonymous

reply 66 06/11/2015

[R64] Are you Pedro Almodovar? I didn't know you were fluent in English.

—Anonymous

reply 67 06/11/2015

Just because Jon-Benet was my best friend doesn't mean I hurt her. So stop looking at me.

—Julie

reply 68 06/11/2015

...The Aristocrats!

—Anonymous

reply 69 06/11/2015

Do you think you'll be finished up here by seven? The Boulder Mall closes at nine, and you know what they're like the day after Christmas. Luckily I always save the receipts.

—Anonymous

reply 70 06/11/2015

Dear Lord, are you implying I've done something criminal? I'll tell you what the crime is here, Detective, your haircut, your breath, and that Goodwill suit you're wearing.

(Not to mention the fact, that you can't see the clues we...um, the killer, I mean, left here in front of your face. Good God, I've seen tranqed-up housewives do a better job at Murder Mystery parties.)

—Former Miss West Virginia

reply 71 06/12/2015

If any of your on the force are unsaved, could you do me the most darling favor? Tell JonBenet she's pretty when you see her. In Hell.

—Anonymous

reply 72 06/12/2015

I"ve always thought, after VIP, RIP are the classiest letters after any name.

—Anonymous

reply 73 06/12/2015

She had so much ahead of her. Failure, that is.

—Anonymous

reply 74 06/12/2015

It's like my dear friend Betty Bowers once said, "Children are like fruit: They are small and tasteless when new -- and should be discarded when they turned rotten."

—Anonymous

reply 75 06/12/2015

She was such an attention whore. Do you know, one day she said "Mommy I'm prettier than you. ...Daddy said."

—Anonymous

reply 76 06/12/2015

Daddy's little girl, my ass.

—Anonymous

reply 77 06/12/2015

Psssssst, I have Polaroids . . .

—Anonymous

reply 78 06/12/2015

She once had the tightest snatch outside of a Cambodian nunnery. But then we had to win the judges at the state level. And keep her father home.

—Anonymous

reply 79 06/12/2015

Whatever you find in John's sock drawer, remember that Mike Huckabee will forgive him. Shouldn't we?

—Anonymous

reply 80 06/12/2015

I chose the permanent solution for bed wetting.

—Anonymous

reply 81 06/12/2015

best

thread

EVER

—Anonymous

reply 82 06/12/2015

$118,000? That's an insult! Why, it's no more than my husband's holiday bonus. I bet if the child had won Little Miss Colorado, the kidnappers would be demanding a million or more.

—Anonymous

reply 83 06/12/2015

Sharpen than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child. Oh, goodness! Now, I've got the giggles. I'm the first person ever to call JonBenet sharp.

—Anonymous

reply 84 06/12/2015

You people in the law call it "capital punishment;" I call it a "time out."

—Anonymous

reply 85 06/12/2015

Bless your heart officer, I would have changed had my John gotten me a new ensemble for Christmas. I guess that stingy bonus he received, $118,000, was not enough to compel his to go Christmas shopping! I'm not materialist, officer, I wear my clothes to rags, just rags around here because I am not even interested in money. I'm sure you'll want to be going home to open presents with your family and leave us and 20 our closest friends to grieve in our own way.

—Anonymous

reply 86 06/12/2015

They will take off her jewelry before cremating her body, won't they? I mean, she's going to end up in a shoebox anyway, and I'd just a soon not have to sift through her adorable ashes to recover perfectly fine diamonds.

—Anonymous

reply 87 06/12/2015

Of course, I woke up with a face full of make-up, officier. Who doesn't? Goodness, next you'll be telling me your wife doesn't shave under her arms!

—Anonymous

reply 88 06/12/2015

Bump

—Anonymous

reply 89 06/12/2015

It's always horrendous when someone you love dies! I'm speculating here. Anyone? Is it true? I'm almost sure it is!

—Anonymous

reply 90 06/12/2015

She's dead? This is the WORST news ever. Because it means, now, I'm going to have to sleep with my husband!

—Anonymous

reply 91 06/12/2015

Of course, I will tell you everything, Detective. Sit right down here by me. Now let's start with my pageant photo albums, shall we? I like to call this one, "The Story of a Winner".

—Anonymous

reply 92 06/13/2015

Listen, honey, I can tell you're having a little trouble following me. I was Miss West Virginia, not the most glamorous state in the union, granted.

But stop and think about how many coal miner's daughters, trailer park ho's, and meth-addicted redneck skanks I had to shank just to get that little sash...got it? Can you picture the pile of white trash bodies I had to climb over? Do you really I'm going to let a bitchy little six-year old get in my way?

Now, let's turn the Christmas music back on. Who would like more tea or coffee?

—Miss By-God West Fucking Virginia

reply 93 06/13/2015

Oh, goodness! THAT was her name? See? Time heals. Isn't the Lord good to us? Well, me . . .

—Anonymous

reply 94 06/13/2015

OK, just one more song and then I need to pick her final outfit. Oh, what am I thinking? We're not going to have an open Hefty bag at the funeral! How about Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home. In D!

—Anonymous

reply 95 06/13/2015

Oh, Jonbenet! Why? Why? Why? Why did this happen to her? Do you think she knows? Because I sure-as-shootin' do!

—Anonymous

reply 96 06/13/2015

Of COURSE I'm telling you the truth. If any word out of my mouth is a lie, may God strike me down with cancer!

—Anonymous

reply 97 06/13/2015

As a Christian, I believe in leading by example. So I've already forgiven the woman, ur, person behind this. And I suggest you join me.

—Anonymous

reply 98 06/13/2015

Don't worry about the part where it says the child will be beheaded if we phone the police. I'm sure they didn't really mean it.

—Anonymous

reply 99 06/13/2015

Well officer, I hope you don't think I had anything to do with this. Garrote, I mean coffee?

—Anonymous

reply 100 06/13/2015

Now I remember where JonBenet is! She's staying with my mother in West Virginia. Golly, don't I feel like a silly billy for calling you all. Don't I have egg on my face? Why, it just makes me chuckle -- ur, how do I explain the what? The ransom note? Oh, honey, if you believe that's a REAL ransom note, you're in the wrong business!

—Anonymous

reply 101 06/13/2015

LOL, [R101]...and I believe that's a direct quote...

—Anonymous

reply 102 06/13/2015

What little dead girl?

—Anonymous

reply 103 06/13/2015

Ok, ok, let's be calm...I'm pretty sure club soda or peroxide will get that blood out.

Oh yes, and JonBenet too...that's so sad.

Well, Officers, mystery solved. I'll walk you all to the door.

—Anonymous

reply 104 06/13/2015

I think "dead" is just an ugly word. Let's just say "permanently punished."

—Anonymous

reply 105 06/13/2015

Detective, please, for the love of God, why won't you answer my question?

Where there any blood stains on our new white carpeting?

—Anonymous

reply 106 06/13/2015

It was after midnight, Detective, when I heard some rustling in the bushes below. I was awakened from the sound sleep of the innocent, in full make-up. I went over to the window, pulled back my Laura Ashley curtains and saw people on the snowy lawn below. John asked me who they were and I told him, "They look like a foreign faction." I then went back to bed. One thing us pageant gals know is this: Nothing is more important than beauty rest!

—Anonymous

reply 107 06/13/2015

> I'm pretty sure club soda or peroxide will get that blood out.

LIAR!

—Jan Hooks

reply 108 06/13/2015

Had I been the killer, I'd have gone for the boy. They're so much messier than girls.

—Anonymous

reply 109 06/13/2015

It must be so much easier to find the body in poor people's homes, right?

—Anonymous

reply 110 06/13/2015

Finding my precious baby is the most important thing in the world to me. As you will discover when you direct your rude questions to my lawyers, for we, sir, are done talking.

—Anonymous

reply 111 06/13/2015

Anyone want some fresh pineapple?

—Anonymous

reply 112 06/13/2015

See that suspicious-looking couple over there? They live next door and they call themselves our best friends. If I were you, I'd keep a really close eye on those two.

—Anonymous

reply 113 06/13/2015

The foreign faction just called again! On the quiet, upstairs phone. JonBenet is, apparently, now in a country without an extradition treaty. We're on our way to save her!

—Anonymous

reply 114 06/13/2015

Really, officer, I have my limits.

When my daughter told me about Daddy and a Dirty Sanchez....well, I'm a good Christian woman.

—Anonymous

reply 115 06/13/2015

Oh, dear Lord, my baby, my ba - wait, let me try that again. You know, you rehearse and rehearse, but then you get in front of an audience and the inspiration won't come. Okay, I'm ready for take two.

My baby, oh dear Lord, my baby! Please don't tell me my baby's gone!

—Anonymous

reply 116 06/13/2015

I know none of you are saying it to protect me, but don't think I don't see the truth about what happened as clear as day! Yes, it's not easy knowing that my only daughter made a paintbrush garotte and kept turning it and turning it until she could turn it no more. Bless her determined little heart. Of course, I'll never be able to show my face at the club when those old hens find out I had a suicide in my Christian home. Thanks, Jonbenet!

—Anonymous

reply 117 06/13/2015

No, I am not that girl from Designing Women.

—Anonymous

reply 118 06/13/2015

Anyone interested in purchasing an only-worn-once sequined French hooker costume? Size extra-extra small.

—Anonymous

reply 119 06/13/2015

Let me answer that rudely inquisitive question with a statement of fact: If the Lord wanted JonBenet alive, she would BE alive. So to treat this like some "crime" is blasphemy. And I won't tolerate blasphemy in my Christian home. So I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask that all of you leave.

—Anonymous

reply 120 06/13/2015

Yeah, [R120], that sounds like it came directly from the transcript. I can picture her saying that.

—Anonymous

reply 121 06/13/2015

JonBenet and my family have consciously uncoupled.

—Anonymous

reply 122 06/13/2015

I love op!

—Anonymous

reply 123 06/13/2015

Bump

—Anonymous

reply 124 06/13/2015

I remember two years ago, JonBenet ran out into traffic. And I thought to myself, "If anything happens to that precious child, I will never be happy again!" I guess we're all wrong sometimes . . .

—Anonymous

reply 125 06/13/2015

Why has this happened to ME? Thinks like this NEVER happen to me. For example, I never get the parking spot by the door Neiman's!

—Anonymous

reply 126 06/13/2015

The Lord sends sorrow to us to test us, to find out if you can survive something awful, something that hurts your very soul, to make you become stronger. And then, sometimes, like today, He sends strangers to your home to drag slush onto your oriental rugs.

—Anonymous

reply 127 06/13/2015

Does anyone happen to know the Little Miss Slutty Sex Kitten pageant's refund policy on contestant deposits? If it's less than 30 days, this will be the worst day ever.

—Anonymous

reply 128 06/13/2015

Detective, I wholly agree with you! Something about this whole situation stinks to high Heaven. Have you checked to see if it's coming from the basement?

—Anonymous

reply 129 06/13/2015

To be honest, I always thought of her less as a daughter; more as a competitor. And last night was a Final Elimination Round.

—Anonymous

reply 130 06/13/2015

In the Miss West Virginia pageant, my talent was a scene from Mr. Euripides' Medea. As I killed my child, the judges were on their feet. But I knew my performance lacked conviction. But, today, this morning, I, finally, understand The Method.

—Anonymous

reply 131 06/13/2015

On't-day ell-tay im-hay, ut-bay I ink-thay eye-may usband-hay ay-may ow-knay ore-may an-thay ee's-hay elling-tay.

—wink wink

reply 132 06/13/2015

Like sands through the hourglass, so are the days of our lies.

I mean lives.

—Anonymous

reply 133 06/13/2015

My final words to my precious JonBenet: "There's no such thing as bad publicity!"

—Anonymous

reply 134 06/13/2015

"Listen, sister . . . "

—Anonymous

reply 135 06/13/2015

I'm inconsolable now that ramifications of her death sink in. It's not as if neighbors are going to pay ME $3,000 to play Pop The Cherry!

—Anonymous

reply 136 06/13/2015

If it's a female detective,

"Listen, you little slut...."

—Anonymous

reply 137 06/13/2015

I see that the night ended as it started: with her on her back.

—Anonymous

reply 138 06/13/2015

Christmas comes but once a year, and I expect you to follow its lead - straight out the door. And a Happy 1997 to you all.

—Anonymous

reply 139 06/13/2015

I'm trying to put a finger on this. Maybe I'll be as successful as my husband.

—Anonymous

reply 140 06/13/2015

No, I can't give you answers. But I can give you autographed pageant head shots. I'll sign them on the Lear back to Atlanta. Toodles!

—Anonymous

reply 141 06/13/2015

Were some of you raised in a barn? You never ask a lady her age, weight or if she's killed her daughter!

—Anonymous

reply 142 06/13/2015

Oh my dear Lord! She was killed with a paint brush garotte! A camel hair paint brush garotte! I, ur, I would have thought that THEY, that foreign faction, would have used a synthetic brush. I guess that, um, they, yes they, were not thinking, to use such an expensive brush to kill someone so cheap. This loss of such an expensive paintbrush shows how angry I, ur, the killers, must have been with that cun- ur, darling child.

—Anonymous

reply 143 06/13/2015

Not the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree, are you detective?

Do I need to draw you a map? Burke, where did we leave that Sharpie?

—Anonymous

reply 144 06/14/2015

Until today, I never even knew Black people lived in Boulder!

—Anonymous

reply 145 06/14/2015

The day started oh, so sad -- until I realized that I'm back to being the youngest gal in the house.

—Anonymous

reply 146 06/14/2015

This. Never. Happened.

—Mrs. Patsy Ramsey

reply 147 06/14/2015

My heart is broken! I mean NAIL. Yep, my nail is split right down to the cuticle. All you men will never know the pain I am feeling right now.

—Anonymous

reply 148 06/14/2015

Here is the part I forgot to tell you earlier, detective: I actually met one of the foreign faction early this morning. Someone in front of him was schlepping whatshername down the spiral staircase. I'll tell you, it's not easy to lug a limp corpse down a narrow spiral staircase!

He asked, "Are you the dead chick's sister?"

And I replied, "No, I'm the dead chick's mother."

And he said, " Well, you're just lucky our orders were to kidnap the youngest one, not the prettiest one!"

I blushed and said, "Oh, stop!"

But he didn't. He continued: "No, seriously, White Lady, you are gorgeous. In comparison, JonBenet looks cheap. Very cheap. Your beauty is natural. Classic. She is Anna Nicole Smith -- you are Elizabeth Taylor."

It was then that he thrust the ransom note into my lovely hands, whispering someone wildly obscene, but nonetheless extremely complimentary. And, poof, he was gone. I never even had a chance to thank him for his kind words of unbridled honesty.

—Anonymous

reply 149 06/14/2015

Detective, I meant "whispering SOMETHING wildly obscene."

I get so flustered by compliments, not matter how well deserved. But isn't it nice that even someone doing something so evil can still think to say things that really made my day? So thoughtful. Truly, there is a lesson there for all of us.

—Anonymous

reply 150 06/14/2015

I'm barely condoning murder, but I think that anyone who has seen "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" will admit that someone last night did that little lady on the carpet there a big favor. Praise God!

—Anonymous

reply 151 06/15/2015

Goodness! Just look at the poor thing. And THIS is why dead people never win beauty pageants!

—Anonymous

reply 152 06/15/2015

"Officer, honestly if I could just trade places with my little baby, then in a heartbeat I'd...I'd...well...um...er... [puts up a "hold that thought" finger, takes a sip of Pellegrino, and continues] "well, I'd seriously think long and hard about doing so."

—Anonymous

reply 153 06/15/2015

Picking Burke to the one I loved has really proved to have been rather wise, no?

—Anonymous

reply 154 06/15/2015

Were are not burying her in THAT! It's French. I can get over $100 for it on eBay.

—Anonymous

reply 155 06/15/2015

She may be gone, but at least I will always have fond memories to comfort me. Memories of my glorious pageant days.

—Anonymous

reply 156 06/15/2015

You filthy coppers will never Mirandize me! I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of, but I'm damned if I'll dance a Samba with a basket of fruit on my head!

—Anonymous

reply 157 06/15/2015

Was I alone with JonBenet in the basement last night? What an excellent question. I guess we'll never know...

—Anonymous

reply 158 06/15/2015

Oh THAT little dead girl.

—Anonymous

reply 159 06/15/2015

Dead? Don't be silly. She's probably just playing hide and seek in the old refrigerator.

—Anonymous

reply 160 06/15/2015

It's not murder if it's self-defense! You have no idea how incredibly strong that little slut can be!

—Anonymous

reply 161 06/15/2015

I encourage my children to take responsibility! It's one of JonBenet's "chores" to set the burglar alarm at night. I guess what goes around comes around.

What was that call to the police on Dec. 23? Probably one of the neighbors drunk dialing information. Certainly had nothing to do with us.

—Anonymous

reply 162 06/15/2015

I confess, I did it. I'm the one who called 911 on the 23rd. I spilled red wine on a white blouse. How was I to know they don't respond to that kind of emergency?

—Anonymous

reply 163 06/15/2015

Remind me to call the judges for the Little Miss Hot Stuff pageant and tell them we're off for that thingy Wednesday night in room 107 at the Naighty Whispers Motor Court.

—Anonymous

reply 164 06/15/2015

Well, it's quite obvious in hindsight that I should've taken her threat to hold her breath until she turned blue more seriously.

—Anonymous

reply 165 06/15/2015

Detective: What did you just call her?

Patsy: What do you think I just called her?

Detective: I'd rather not say.

Patsy: Well, then I guess we'll never know.

—Anonymous

reply 166 06/15/2015

I never said she was perfect. Well, NOW she is...

—Anonymous

reply 167 06/15/2015

I woke up this morning and immediately missed the sound of her little voice. But, since then, this fabulous quiet has really grown on me.

—Anonymous

reply 168 06/15/2015

Dead? Oh, detective, you must be new to Stepford. Jon Benet will be right as rain once the parts come in.

—Anonymous

reply 169 06/15/2015

Spattered blood on my Christmas sweater? Oh no, detective, that's just Rudolph the Red-nosed Elf.

—Anonymous

reply 170 06/15/2015

Cheers, sweetie.

—Oh wait, wrong Patsy

reply 171 06/16/2015

John, I sent you down to the wine cellar to get a bottle of chardonnay and this is what you come back with?

Just put her on the floor. We'll deal with this matter after brunch.

So detective, how do you like your eggs?

—Anonymous

reply 172 06/16/2015

They say you will never know how this feels until it happens to your own child. I never say no to a challenge.

—Anonymous

reply 173 06/16/2015

I am BIG, it's the pageant contestants that got small!

—Anonymous

reply 174 06/17/2015

I'm ready for the swimsuit portion of this investigation, Mr. Detective.

—Anonymous

reply 175 06/17/2015

Little miss "I can color in the lines!" this, or miss "I used the potty all by myself!" that, isn't so smug now, is she?

I'm sorry, did I just think that, or say it out loud?

—Anonymous

reply 176 06/17/2015

No, Burke, we are NOT having a new baby sister for you!

No, you can NOT order a Fleshlight of your own!

—Anonymous

reply 177 06/17/2015

May I please have a lock of my baby's hair? My baby's hair color was always the thing I liked best about her.

I can take it the doggy beauty parlor and have them match it for Little Miss Pageant Paws. Then, I can sell it on eBay and pay for a motion to fight at least two depositions.

—Anonymous

reply 178 06/17/2015

Step right up! Step right up! Anyone interesting in one last go before they come take her away? I'm a wheelin' and I'm a dealin'! Let me tell you what I'm gonna do!

—Anonymous

reply 179 06/17/2015

If you need a pretty girl, Pussy Cow!

—Anonymous

reply 180 06/17/2015

Please! For the love of Jesus stop asking me about my daughter! I've always believed: If you can't say something nice . . . Yes, that's just the type of Christian I am!

—Anonymous

reply 181 06/17/2015

As I told the judges when I won the Miss West Virginia, my goals in life are World Peace, to end World Hunger, and to bring the Good News of Jesus Christ to all the heathens of the world.

(And no bitchy little six-year old whore is going to stop me now. Praise Jesus!)

—Anonymous

reply 182 06/17/2015

I look at my precious baby's limp limbs and cry. I spent $457 last month on tap lessons!

—Anonymous

reply 183 06/17/2015

Well of course the kitchen flashlight has been wiped clean of fingerprints. I wash it every night, who doesn't?

—Anonymous

reply 184 06/17/2015

Why do you sound so surprised? Yes, every morning the first thing I do, before I brush my teeth, is wipe down the basement walls and banister with undiluted Clorox. After all, cleanliness is next to godliness. No! Really, right there? Goodness me, I'm surprised I didn't trip over the -- her!

—Anonymous

reply 185 06/18/2015

Well, *I* would never let her be killed in that outfit!

—Anonymous

reply 186 06/18/2015

Officer, I AM listening to your questions, but it's impossible to devote much attention to you while I'm busy with the more important business at hand -- scrapbooking JonBenet's demise.

—Anonymous

reply 187 06/18/2015

Good golly, it was -- I mean, it IMAGINE it was -- no picnic getting someone wearing a pageant crown down that tight, spiral staircase!

—Anonymous

reply 188 06/18/2015

I know what you're thinking, Detective. I can see your eyes full of booze judging me. You're thinking about what that English homo said: "To lose one child, may be regarded as a misfortune. To lose both looks like carelessness." Burke!

—Anonymous

reply 189 06/19/2015

Detective, how dare you? HOW DARE YOU? My husband is a fine Southern gentleman who was raised right. He NEVER lies.

Well, except for that time he told JonBenet, "I won't cum in your mouth." But, honestly, that was barely more than one, little time. Hardly bears mentioning. Now, I think you owe John an apology, Mister.

—Anonymous

reply 190 06/22/2015

Pineapple? Why JonBenet didn't even like Pineapple. She used to say nobody could even force her to eat it. A six year old! Can you believe it?

—Anonymous

reply 191 06/22/2015

If only the Lord Jesus had told me last night was going to be her last. I'd of fixed her her favorite homemade meal -- Stouffer's lasagna.

A lovely, last meal, just like they do for the other criminals who are about to die because they were caught doing something wicked, terribly, terribly, wicked and depraved.

—Anonymous

reply 192 06/22/2015

There was a whole pineapple in her intestines? Well, if you knew my daughter, you'd know that that is probably, not because she ate a pineapple, but because sat on one.

—Anonymous

reply 193 06/22/2015

If hell exists, I'm probably going there for laughing at almost every post. This, the best JBR thread in ages!

—Anonymous

reply 194 06/22/2015

It's Downy! Well, duh. Of course, I washed her darling murdered sailor suit after she passed! How could I ever slip something with that much blood on it over THIS hair? EVIDENCE? John, get me that sailor suit! I'll show you EVIDENCE! Evidence that we are still the same size!

—Anonymous

reply 195 06/28/2015

Ten minutes everyone! I'm just going to run upstairs, slip on my Uncle Sam leotard and backcomb my hair. Ten minutes 'til show time! Step right up, and forget all this dreariness, and join me in the Pageant Trophy Room to see George M. Cohen's "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" and see who was always the REAL star in this house!

—Anonymous

reply 196 06/28/2015

Well, looking on the bright side . . . you can't slut-shame the dead. So this worked out well for her.

—Anonymous

reply 197 06/28/2015

Look, I'm going to tell you something I've never admitted to anyone. JonBenet was never going to be a Winner in the Pageant World...she just didn't have the...I don't know what to call it...the...

Killer instinct?

That's it...thank you for being so understanding, Detective. May I call you Detective (batting eyelashes)?

—Mrs. Patsy Ramsey, Former Miss West Virginia

reply 198 06/28/2015

A practice version of the ransom note was found in my wastebasket? Well, I have to hand it to the kidnappers. The idea that practice makes perfect is one thing I never could pound into that child's head!

—Anonymous

reply 199 06/28/2015

There was this one time, JonBenet actually lost a pageant and while I was beating...I mean, um scolding her on her lackluster performance, she had the nerve to say to me, "But Mommy, I got first-place runner up."

Yeah, First Place Loser. Sometimes I just didn't even think she was my child.

—Anonymous

reply 200 06/28/2015

Oh Detective, to think that those tiny little feet will never tap to "Boom Boom Boom Let's Go Back To My Room" again!

—Anonymous

reply 201 06/28/2015

The "Dead Girls Don't Lie" throw pillows? Yes, I needle-pointed all of them. Thank you for noticing.

—Anonymous

reply 202 06/28/2015

I guess this means I'm going to have to HIRE someone to scrub the toilets and change my pad.

—Anonymous

reply 203 06/28/2015

> George M. Cohen's

Oy, gevalt.

—Leonard Cohan

reply 204 06/28/2015

Humorless [R204] has wandered onto the wrong thread. Scat!

—Anonymous

reply 205 06/28/2015

JonBenet? JonBenet? Can you hear me? It's your mother, former Miss West Virginia! What? No, officer, I'm not calling down to the basement. I'm calling down to HELL!

—Anonymous

reply 206 06/28/2015

You see, in the big beauty pageant of life there are winners, like me, and there are losers.

And I suppose, the um....kidnappers...realized that JonBenet just didn't have what it takes.

Now, who has seen the Pageant Room. My goodness, there are so many of you coming and going, I can hardly keep track. Well, anyway, follow me.

—Anonymous

reply 207 06/28/2015

You know, Detective, as a matter of fact, I can still fit in my Miss West Virginia Evening Gown. Give me just a minute and I'll slip into it and show you.

—Anonymous

reply 208 06/28/2015

Did anyone bring a harmonica? I feel a song comin' on!

—Anonymous

reply 209 06/28/2015

Let me hold my baby! Let me hold my baby! Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh! Goodness, the eviden-- I mean, my baby, is now absolutely COVERED in my hair, fabric fibers and DNA!

Anyone have a lint brush?

—Anonymous

reply 210 06/28/2015

Gosh, that's right. It slipped my mind that the kidnappers were supposed to call us an hour ago. You'd think I'd have been counting the minutes. Boy time sure flies when you're having fu -far too many people tracking dirt on your carpets.

—Anonymous

reply 211 06/28/2015

Will ya get a look at that Cecil rug! I'm not mad at you JonBenet, I'm mad at the FUCKING BLOOD!

—Anonymous

reply 212 06/29/2015

Just looking at my precious baby, lifeless and so forlorn, on that carpet, I can't help but think, "With all the money I'll save on hair color and a Sweet 16 boobjob, I can afford to go hardwoods throughout the house!" What do you think, Detective? Oak or mahogany? I can tell by the way you fill that fine wool suit, you're a man of good taste . . .

—Anonymous

reply 213 06/29/2015

Did you know that some people thought we were sisters? True story.

—Anonymous

reply 214 06/29/2015

Detective, can you even begin to imagine what it's like to live under the same roof with your hubby's little pint-size mistress? Mister, it's no day at Rodeo!

—Anonymous

reply 215 06/29/2015

OK, before everyone gets crazy here with your pestering questions, John and I need to do something very important: Figure out which of those Christmas gifts under the tree we can still return. JOHN!

—Anonymous

reply 216 06/29/2015

Of course, the most important thing to me right now is to make sure my precious angel's very precise wishes for her funeral are followed to the T. She wanted me to perform one -- no! two! -- pieces. One dramatic, and one comedy. I think I'll do something from "Crimes of the Heart" and "Steel Magnolias," those are my -- HER! -- very favorite works of important theater, but I haven't decided which for which! Then, she wanted me to do Dixie Carter's version of Billy Bailey Won't You Please Come Home? Then, her final wish is to be buried in a shallow grave in the municipal dog park. I need to start thinking costumes!

—Anonymous

reply 217 06/29/2015

Is "Touched by an Angel" a rerun tonight? Detective, do you know? Nothing keeps me from watching that show. It's so precious, it makes me cry. I'm just a sentimental sap, I guess. Can't wait!

—Anonymous

reply 218 06/29/2015

I want to make a donation to a charity, a charity that honors her legacy, and in her name so that no one, ever, ever, will forget my baby. Detective, is there, like, a "Homeless Shelter for Saucy Sluts Who Always, Always ALWAYS Need to Be The Center of Attention" downtown? Do the Coloreds have anything like that?

—Anonymous

reply 219 06/29/2015

I'm afraid to raise the subject, but I must: is the carpet she's lying on salvageable? Or was there a lot of leakage?

—Anonymous

reply 220 06/29/2015

Oh, you from the newspaper! Don't forget to note that I've already open a Murder Site Gift Shoppe. Some "the grass doesn't grow under winners" language might be appropriate. I just worry about keeping enough paintbrushes in stock. I've always hated disappointing people.

—Anonymous

reply 221 06/30/2015

I'll never forgive that child for doing this to me. Suicide is such a selfish act.

—Anonymous

reply 222 06/30/2015

"Can I roller skate?"

—Anonymous

reply 223 07/01/2015

Who wants to double my $1,000 bet that the Foreign Faction never calls? Put your cash of the table!

—Anonymous

reply 224 07/01/2015

Wow, this is getting boring, all this waiting!

Let's play a game of "Fuck, Marry, Kill!" Miss Tennessee 1977 -- Miss Kentucky 1977 -- and JonBenet!

John and I will sit this round out, as we already know one response for each.

—Anonymous

reply 225 07/01/2015

Honestly, I've never seen her look so peaceful. I think whoever did this deserves the coral St. John's suit in the right window at Neiman Marcus when you are coming in from the mall at Lenox Square when you get back to Atlanta, John. Just thinkin' out loud . . .

—Anonymous

reply 226 07/01/2015

I just keep staring at that pool of dried blood. What color is that? Brick? Cerise? It would make a FABULOUS lipstick!

—Anonymous

reply 227 07/01/2015

JonBenet is no longer with us. But if the next time some pint-size harlot offers her no-no to a much older gentleman who is her father and happily married to a fabulously beautiful wife and gets slapped across her saucy little harlot face with a flashlight, then she will not have died in vain. Amen. Everyone? Did you not hear me? Can I get a friggin' AMEN here?

—Anonymous

reply 228 07/01/2015

I'd kill for a pina colada. Or anything, really.

—Anonymous

reply 229 07/02/2015

Whew, I don't know about you all but I am EXHAUSTED! Staying up all night, dealing with little Miss "I Don't Have to Listen to Mommy"...er, um, I mean, worrying about our poor little JonBenet.

Well, anyhoo, I'm going to our third floor Master Suite to take a nap and I do NOT want to be disturbed.

(John, call the Coroner again and see if you get them over here to clean up this...mess. I just know I won't be able to enjoy my dinner if all of this is not out of here by the time I come back down.)

—Former Miss West Virginia to the Miss America Pageant

reply 230 07/03/2015

Really? "Marry, Fuck or Kill" is just a game? Not in our house!

—Anonymous

reply 231 07/04/2015

Finally! I have a spare bedroom I can turn into a gift-wrapping salon. I'm so much like Candy Spelling. And, no doubt, when she looks at Tori, she wishes she were more like me!

—Anonymous

reply 232 07/04/2015

It's so sad to lose a child. It's almost worse than losing the back to one of your earrings.

—Anonymous

reply 233 07/05/2015

See if you can shut up little Burke's caterwauling, or I promise you you'll have to come back here a second time today.

—Anonymous

reply 234 07/05/2015

John, I want to name something after our baby! So that we will be reminded of her every day she is in Hel-ven. From now on, let's call that commode "the Jon....Benet." So you can still piss in her mouth.

—Anonymous

reply 235 07/05/2015

If that's that Jared guy from the Subway ads on the phone, tell him I have that "pecial-say equest-ray," but to call back omorrow-tay.

—Anonymous

reply 236 07/07/2015

Don't none of y'all call the media till I've had time to freshen up and pick out a tasteful outfit. Which do you think I should wear, detective? The gray is more dignified but the dusty lilac will probably read better on camera.

—Anonymous

reply 237 07/07/2015

OK, nobody grieve until I find my earrings!

—Anonymous

reply 238 07/07/2015

Would you believe that I planned to overdose on percocet and gin about an hour from now? Once again I am upstaged by that relentless, pint-sized attention whore!

—Anonymous

reply 239 07/07/2015

[R236] That's nasty, but very funny

—Anonymous

reply 240 07/07/2015

Oh, goodness! She's going to have to do one, final costume change. Something sleeveless! Yes, I know it's cold outside, but it's not cold where she's going. Rosarita, fetch the lime sherbert tube top!

—Anonymous

reply 241 07/07/2015

John you know how I hate waste. Take that rope off of her. We'll need it to tie up the Christmas tree before we take it to the curb before we leave town.

—Anonymous

reply 242 07/08/2015

Goodness, who needs an investigation? This is, clearly, an open-and-shut case: Death by autoerotic asphyxiation!

She may have been a little lady under the stage lights -- but she was into some freaky scenes under the sheets! Wasn't she, John?

—Anonymous

reply 243 07/10/2015

The little bitch wouldn't stop texting during Evita!

—Skipple

reply 244 07/10/2015

Detective, you say "dead," I say "sleeping deeply." Can we just agree to disagree?

—Anonymous

reply 245 07/10/2015

Detective, I need to skedaddle, but one day, very, very soon, John and I will sit down with you, have a lovely, long talk and explain everything.

I KID!

Bye!

—Anonymous

reply 246 07/10/2015

I don't know what type of slipshod mothering you had, but in the Ramsey manse, talking back to your mother IS "natural causes."

—Anonymous

reply 247 07/10/2015

Rosarita, come down here and get JonBenet in something beige, pronto! If I told her once, I told her a million times: Red is MY color!

—Anonymous

reply 248 07/10/2015

Bump to conjure up genius who's been writing all these brilliant posts If your not a professional writer,you should be.I'm impressed.

—Anonymous

reply 249 07/11/2015

Consuelo, I'm thinking the black Manolo sling-back pumps, with the black Chanel suit for the funeral, and the black kidskin leather gloves....

Oh no, Detective, "kidskin" is just a type of leather! I would never "skin" a child...not even a little blonde whore with a bad case of sass-mouth who was always "accidentally" showing off her hoo-haw.

—That's "Mrs. Ramsey" to you.

reply 250 07/12/2015

As a Republican patriot, I am, of course, going to use that famous Nathan Hale quotation to end my routine during the talent portion of the funeral: "I only regret that I have but one daughter to lose for my country!" Cue the red, white and blue doves and fireworks. Dry eyes? I don't think so! They'll hear the ovation all the way to the trashy part of Colorado Springs!

—Anonymous

reply 251 07/12/2015

Oh, John, stop crying! If we drape her over a barrel, she can still play Naked Twister with you.

—Anonymous

reply 252 07/12/2015

More Please...

—Anonymous

reply 253 07/12/2015

She was such a perfectionist! The rest of us headed to bed, but she insisted on going down to the basement to practice for the talent portion of the Little Miss Houdini Pageant.

—Anonymous

reply 254 07/13/2015

In watching Dance Moms and got to wondering how Mrs Patsy Ramsey,formerly of Boulder Colorado may have acted on this show. I imagine the ratings would be higher. Oh,and Abby would be dead.

—Anonymous

reply 255 07/14/2015

Mommy and that Rosie lady always said that 'liars get cancer'.

—JonBenet giggling from beyond

reply 256 07/22/2015

Bump

—Anonymous

reply 257 09/28/2015

"PINEAPPLE? When did she eat PINEAPPLE?"

—Anonymous

reply 258 09/28/2015

Will we still be able to flight to the lake?

—Anonymous

reply 259 09/28/2015

"...to catch our flight...."

Sheesh.

—r259

reply 260 09/28/2015

"One day, we're all going to laugh about this . . . Oh, I've never been good at waiting!"

—Anonymous

reply 261 09/28/2015

"Detective, please disregard my loose-lipped help and the busybody who called 911 from our communal -- COMMUNAL! -- dressing room at the Miss Snowflake Pageant. Their false-witness and hospital gossip notwithstanding, I LOVED JonBenet! I loved her like a sister. But only because that's the way we looked."

—Anonymous

reply 262 09/28/2015

"Coroner: Don't forget to note in the autopsy that she died in my gown. We wear the same size. Only, in her case, especially now, with less aplomb. In fact, Consuela! Get that wrap dress off her and let me show the handsome detective how it's SUPPOSED to be worn! "

—Anonymous

reply 263 09/28/2015

"Goodness, why didn't someone TELL me my baby was lying on the floor right in front of me? I never would have walked over her face. At least, not THAT many times!"

—Anonymous

reply 264 09/28/2015

"A child is a gift from God. Last night, I regifted her back."

—Anonymous

reply 265 09/29/2015

"I pray that I will draw comfort from knowing that the last time we spoke it was about our Lord Jesus Christ. As I recall, I said, 'Jesus died for your sins and it's high time, Little Missy, that you returned the favor!'"

—Anonymous

reply 266 09/29/2015

"Someone be a dear and call Star Search. The sister act is now a solo."

—Anonymous

reply 267 09/29/2015

Anyone know how to get dried blood out of a Mason Pearson hairbrush?

—Anonymous

reply 268 09/29/2015

"How sad, to die without winning a pageant title that matters. I am, of course, speculating . . . "

—Anonymous

reply 269 09/29/2015

"Detective, I'm afraid it feels odd to be judged on the quality of my answers to questions without wearing a sash. I'll go get it! See, how anything can be turned into a moment of fun?"

—Anonymous

reply 270 09/29/2015

"No, I have no idea who wrote 'Bibighar' in blood on her bedroom mirror, Detective. But sh . . . ur, THEY have lovely penmanship, wouldn't you agree? Just lovely. A real sign of class that is, I always say. So did mother."

—Anonymous

reply 271 09/29/2015

A garrote? My, that seems excessive. I always found a quick sharp blow to the head with a pageant baton to be more than sufficient to get her to shut the hell up.

—Anonymous

reply 272 09/29/2015

"Yes, I'm sure that's all very interesting, Detective, but you all are going to have to excuse me. I need to call the Little Miss Daffodil pageant and tell them my baby's talent today will no longer be tapping the fifty state capitals. It's going to be a fabulous Abraham Lincoln lying in state impression. Consuela! Fetch me my Mary Todd Lincoln mini-dress and gogo boots! AN-DAY-LAY!"

—Anonymous

reply 273 09/30/2015

"Sugar or Splenda??? I've told you a MILLION times: I'm not answering your nosy questions without a lawyer and publicist!"

—Anonymous

reply 274 09/30/2015

LoL..Glad I bumped.Genius at work!

—Anonymous

reply 275 09/30/2015

"What a rude thing to suggest! Officer, if anything I've said to you this morning is in the slightest way misleading, may the good Lord Jesus Christ strike me with cancer."

—Anonymous

reply 276 09/30/2015

"I've always lived in fear of losing someone I loved. I still do. I can only imagine that it must be quite terrible."

—Anonymous

reply 277 09/30/2015

You know, detective, I think I can help you out here if you'll just listen to me for a few minutes.

Earlier, today I was talking with our professional PR consultant (I know, weird that he happened to call me at 5:30 this morning but anyhoo), and he said to me, "You know, Patsy, it's all about 'optics' or how a thing looks that's important - the perception is critical - things have to be presented in the proper perspective."

Now in this case, if we could frame this whole messy business as "Mrs. Patsy Ramsey, former Miss West Virginia suffers tragic loss as her daughter commits suicide at family home, or dies from unknown causes, blah, blah, blah; no foul play suspected." Do.you understand what I'm saying - something along those lines. I think that would just put this whole ugly business in the proper perspective and give us the right "optics" to go forward with a clear, unified message.

Now wouldn't you agree that just makes sense, detective?

—My Mama Always Said Patsy is Beautiful and Smart!

reply 278 09/30/2015

Then a little later, we could release the details about poor Jon Benet's lack of discipline, her out-of-control eating disorder, her refusal to practice and do the work required of a beauty queen, just her overall lack of commitment to the important things in life - all led to her disappointments in the beauty pageant circuit and life in general. The poor thing just kept gaining weight, losing more pageants, getting depressed - and it all spiraled out of control until she ended up on my berber carpet in the basement. (Aside to Consuela - get down there and start working on those stains - how many times do I have to tell you that you can't let carpet stains get set in!)

Anyhoo, I think that would just make a clear and compelling story that people would just naturally understand. And we wouldn't have to get into all of those messy, sensational details about how she got the garrote around her own neck and choked herself to death. So it's really up to us to manage this whole business correctly. Life is just hard for the losers, don't you agree, detective?

—Mrs. Patsy Ramsey, formerly of Boulder, CO

reply 279 10/01/2015

Oh Lord, detective, I'm sorry to get emotional. I was just thinking back to the first time I saw Jon Benet lumbering around on the stage like a wounded elephant, trying to do just one of the most basic tap dance routines from "Singing in the Rain" when she was about 3 or 4.

And it was so clear she just didn't have IT - you know, that drive, that X-factor that sets winners apart from losers. Hearing all those other mothers whispering and laughing at my child who should've had that routine in her DNA. Oh, the shame and the heartbreak - now that was a tragedy!

Yes, it's times like those that really help me to put the little things in the proper perspective.

—Patsy Ramsey, Miss By-God Almost Heaven West Virginia 1977

reply 280 10/01/2015

"Now, you're just putting words in my beautiful mouth, Detective. I never said I didn't KNOW the alleged victim. I just said I make it a point not to socialize with the the type of unsaved garbage that sleeps with a Christian woman's husband."

—Anonymous

reply 281 10/01/2015

"From your experience, Detective, is murder something one can do occasionally -- or does the thrill become habit forming? I'm asking for a friend."

—Anonymous

reply 282 10/01/2015

> never said I didn't KNOW the alleged victim. I just said I make it a point not to socialize with the the type of unsaved garbage that sleeps with a Christian woman's husband."

Is this a line from something, because it's fabulous.

—Anonymous

reply 283 10/01/2015

Did she ever do ballet? Oh, my Gawd, Detective, you are delightful!

Please, just let me catch my breath...I must be hysterical to be laughing so hard at a time like this.

I've seen Clydesdales dance with more grace than that little skank...uh, little tyke, I mean...

—Mrs. Patsy Ramsey

reply 284 10/01/2015

> Is this a line from something?

[R283] It is original to this thread.

—Anonymous

reply 285 10/02/2015

"The only comfort I can find this morning is in the Lord. His eye is on the sparrow . . . so I know He sees the torment an otherwise patient mother endures at the hands of a selfish, goading child."

—Anonymous

reply 286 10/26/2015

She pulled out all stops to delay the inevitable.

see offsite link on postimg.org

—Anonymous

reply 287 10/27/2015

Bump

—Anonymous

reply 288 11/06/2015

She's on her way back and has a lot to say.

—Anonymous

reply 289 11/08/2015

" Can you believe that ungrateful, little bottle blonde didn't want to wear this beautiful matching sweater I had made for her"?

see offsite link on postimg.org

—Anonymous

reply 290 11/08/2015

classic thread

—Anonymous

reply 291 08/14/2016

I'm going straight to hell for laughing at these...they're frinking brilliant.

—Anonymous

reply 292 08/14/2016

That little bitch called me "fat"....

I mean, my precious little darling Jon-Benet!

—Mrs. P. Ramsey, blah, blah. blah

reply 293 08/14/2016

I'll see you there, [R292]!

—Laughing all the way to Hades

reply 294 08/15/2016

Well there goes the $1200 I spent on a Maribou bed jacket, bmnoteaded teddy and matching fishnets and heels at mr. Faye's pageant frock shop. She was going to perform "nasty girl " at the little Miss erotica pageant next month.

Speaking of which, detective do YOU have 7 inches or more?

—Anonymous

reply 295 05/01/2017

"Beaded teddy"

—MPR

reply 296 05/01/2017

One of my all-time favorite DL threads. Like the Golden Age of DL.

—Anonymous

reply 297 05/01/2017

Well, since you asked detective, no I was not one of her FANS!

—Mrs. P

reply 298 05/01/2017

Larry King: Tonight a Larry KIng Live exclusive. Lisa Bonet speaks out on the brutal murder of her sister JonBonet by her real life tv dad bill huxtable!

—Anonymous

reply 299 06/16/2017

She's six years old, blonde hair. A natural blonde too. I would NEVER dye my child's hair... natural blondes can have brown roots right?

—Anonymous

reply 300 06/17/2017

"I always said she'd make a beautiful corpse. So glad I never put any money on it!"

—Anonymous

reply 301 06/18/2017

Well I guess we know who's NOT going as baby New Years!

—MPR....FOBC

reply 302 06/20/2017

Officer, remind the coroner put on his reading glasses when he goes through baby's no-no.

John's missing his wedding ring.

Again.

—Anonymous

reply 303 06/24/2017

"Not a day will go by when I don't think of her. Every time I have a number two."

—Anonymous

reply 304 01/08/2018

> No one grieves until I find my earrings.

My favorite DL quip ever.

—Anonymous

reply 305 01/08/2018

"Pineapple princess", he calls me pineapple princess all day As he plays his ukulele on the hill above the bay "Pineapple princess, I love you, you're the sweetest girl I've seen" "Some day we're gonna marry and you'll be my pineapple queen"

WELL I PUT A STOP TO THAT BULLSHIT!

—Mrs. Patsy Ramsey, formerly of Boulder, CO

reply 306 05/14/2018

Burke stop dialing that phone with a pencil and get yourself an alibi.

—Anonymous

reply 307 05/14/2018

You have no right to search my basement

—Anonymous

reply 308 07/03/2018

BUMP—as JøñBéñèt is dragged down the stairs.

Okay, who was the sweetest little murder victim in Boulder?

JonBeignet Ramsey.

—Thank you. Thank you very much.

reply 309 07/26/2018

Detective, stop yapping, grow a brain and, hence, figure out who wrote that horrible ransom note!

—Anonymous

reply 310 07/26/2018

> No one grieves until I find my earrings.

OMG. I had forgotten that quip.

—Anonymous

reply 311 07/31/2018

BURKE! This is no way to draw attention to YOURSELF!

—Ortrud-Maxwell

reply 312 11/30/2019

[R297] It is a good one :)

—Anonymous

reply 313 12/07/2020

Foreign FACTION??!! Oh detective the only foreign faction around here is my Mexican house cleaner, the lawn guys from El Salvador and the cute oriental woman who sewed her costumes. Which reminds me I need to give her a call since junior Miss homewrecker doesn't need the chiffon anymore I can make a gorgeous bed jacket!

—Miss West Virginia 1977

reply 314 02/04/2021

[R177] They didn't have fleshlights in the 90s, did they?

—Anonymous

reply 315 07/17/2021

I thought we couldn't reply to threads from pre-2020.

—Anonymous

reply 316 07/17/2021

[R27] You always have to be a contrarian, don't you?

—Anonymous

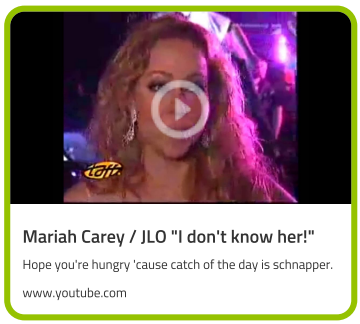
reply 317 09/06/2021

Only the good die young? I think we finally put that myth to bed!

—Non finalist talent winner 1977 Miss America pageant

reply 318 12/07/2021

"I don't know her!"



—Anonymous

reply 319 12/07/2021

"Well, we all gotta go sometime... Can I get anyone a cup of coffee? ... I have Starbucks on speed dial."

—Anonymous

reply 320 12/07/2021

"I only want to talk about the nice things!"

see offsite link on getyarn.io

—Anonymous

reply 321 12/07/2021

"Well the little bitch did use wire hangers, after I told her not to!"

—Anonymous

reply 322 12/07/2021

[R316] you can on this one. carpe diem.

—Anonymous

reply 323 02/28/2022

"You hear on the news what a dangerous life these poor fallen souls lead. But you never expect to actually have a dead whore in your basement."

—Anonymous

reply 324 02/28/2022

never told JonBenet that life is fair.

—Anonymous

reply 325 02/28/2022

This thread is why I keep coming back to this shite hole of a site. You can make this wit up.

—Zemen-Wambuis

reply 326 02/28/2022

bump

—Anonymous

reply 327 10/10/2022

Bump

—Anonymous

reply 328 02/22/2023

I've never believed the Ramsey's killed their daughter or Burke either. I watched one of her police interviews and she was adamant that they get off their asses and find the killer before they do this again. The cops really were incompetent. She died never knowing what happened or how it happened and knowing people blamed them.

—Anonymous

reply 329 02/23/2023

Add Your Comment

Sign post [redacted]

Posted By - optional

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Link - optional (example: http://www.google.com/)

Post

A Note from Muriel

DataLounge will close permanently on July 31, 2026

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- Friday Night Disco Party
- 40 years after her passing, the documentary "Karen Carpenter: Starving for Perfection" will debut this weekend
- Wonder Woman starring Lynda Carter
- Jill asks about periods

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